

With a newspaper, it will be good for all... their accounts as soon as possible with the Express...

CENTRAL EXPRESS



JEFF DAVIS NOT WITHOUT A COUNTRY NOW.

The Southern Chieftain now with Lee and Jackson Again.

Condensed from Press Register. Something there was to touch the hearts of all men even the brief telegraphic announcement, a few hours since, that at 10.45 a. m. on the 6th inst., JEFFERSON DAVIS, ex-President of the Southern Confederacy, had been taken away from the reverent homage and warm affections of a whole people, dying in the arms of "life-long friends."

play, his eloquence—grand in its simplicity, all convincing in the vigor and tearfulness of its language and style, irresistible in its depth and fervor of feeling—moved and thrilled as never before a people not unused to a display of wonderful gifts of oratory.

many votes in the convention of 1860, though his friends announced that he did not desire the nomination. Before Congress met in the autumn of 1860 Mr. Davis was summoned to Washington by members of President Buchanan's Cabinet to suggest some modification of the forthcoming message to Congress. The suggestions were made and were adopted.

He grasped for breath, clutching his throat with the thin fingers of his right hand, and then recovering himself slowly, while his wasted figure towered up to its full height—now appearing to swell with indignation and then to shrink with terror as he glanced from the Captain's face to the shackles—he said slowly and with a laboring chest: "My God! You cannot have been sent here to iron me?"

MR. DAVIS'S REMINISCENCES.

He was in the Senate with Webster, Clay and Calhoun.—His Estimate of Lee, Jackson and Johnston. "I had peculiarly intimate relations with Clay, Calhoun and Webster. I went to school in Lexington, Ky., Mr. Clay's town. His favorite son, who was named Henry, was killed while with me in Mexico, and he always associated me with that boy."

the Mexican General, in the city of Monterey. As I passed the Headquarters of General Taylor, who always got up with the chickens, he stuck his head out of the tent to see who was passing and seeing me said: "Hallo, Davis! Where are you going?"

He was always willing to fight. At times he was even impetuous, especially in the face of disaster. He would often rush into places and dangers where he did not belong, and many times showed his disposition to be an executive leader, rather than the controlling mind of a great army.

THE SHAME OF AMERICA.

When Mr. Davis was Shackled at Fortress Monroe.

The scene is thus described by Dr. J. J. Craven, the Federal Surgeon of the Post, in his "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," published at the time. The account is probably true in its chief outline: "On the morning of the 22d of May a yet bitter trial was in store for the proud spirit—a trial severe, probably than has ever in modern times been inflicted upon any one who has ever enjoyed such eminence."